

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Training is the discipline that teaches a man to set labor above whim; to develop the less promising parts of his mind as well as the more promising; to make five talents ten and two five; to see that in his specialty he shall work better and enjoy more for knowing something outside of his specialty; to recognize the connection between present toil and future attainment, so that the hope of future attainment creates pleasure in present toil; to understand that nothing can be mastered without drudgery, and that drudgery in preparation for service is not only respectable but beautiful; to be interested in every study, no matter how forbidding; to work steadily and resolutely until, after long practice, and it may be, after many failures, he is trusted to do the right thing, or something near it, mechanically, just as the trained pianist instinctively touches the right note. Training is all this and more. Why should we be content to let so many of our boys get their best discipline not from study but from athletics?

School, College and Character by L. B. R. Briggs.

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LV.

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NUMBER 4

The day will come when a man rather than build a great house for the overflow of a mighty hospitality, will give himself in the personal labor of outgoing love, to build spiritual houses like St. Paul—a higher art than any of man's invention. O my brother, what were it not for thee to have a hand in making thy brother beautiful.

—George MacDonald.

The appointment of Professor Henry Thurston, of the Chicago Normal School, as chairman of the Court Committee of the Juvenile Court of Cook County, gives a distinct promise for the broadening of the influence of that court. The system has long ceased to be of tentative character, and for this reason we hope that the present legislature will establish the position of the probation officers as public employes, and provide for their liberal compensation. Professor Thurston will be in position to study the influence of the court from every standpoint, parental, educational and sociological, and his efforts cannot fail to add dignity and value to the work of child-saving. The correlating of the immense amount of material that passes through the hands of the court, the proper appreciation of the constructive forces that tend to up-build the citizenship of a complex city community demand the knowledge and tact that Professor Thurston can so ably supply.

Allendale Farm is a name unknown to many of our readers, yet it has existed among us for almost ten years, increasing the circle of its friends gradually but steadily. Its central thought is to furnish for the friendless city boy a home in the country where he can be free from any semblance of institutional control, where he can receive his education under conditions healthful for both his body and his mind. Edward L. Bradley, a member of the class of 1884 in Princeton, had the breadth of vision and ideals to plan the beginning of the home in 1895, and has had the courage and patience to carry it forward until at the present time a pleasant group of cottages near Lake Villa forms a true and democratic home for fifty of our young citizens. We are glad that the Allendale Association has issued recently a booklet giving a brief outline of their accomplishment and aspirations. Such a successful effort to aid in the solution of the child problem cannot fail to be of universal interest.

The latest advices from the Illinois Legislature contain a distinct note of encouragement as to the probable passage of a comprehensive State Civil Service Law. The fact that the Civil Service Committee of the House reported out and recommended a bill covering only the State charitable institutions lead us to fear that the legislators had forgotten the pledges on which they had been elected to the office, had closed

their eyes to the real needs of the State service, and were prepared to disregard the wishes of the people. This fear has been allayed to some extent by the action of the committee in reporting out a second bill comprehensive and satisfactory. The Republican party in this State has not yet erased the unsavory records of the two preceding administrations; it now has the opportunity. We have every confidence that the present administration wishes to redeem its own pledges and the pledges of the Republican party by passing the comprehensive bill without amendment;—of the ability of the administration so to do no one has any doubt. It will be suicidal for the party to do otherwise. We hear much of the "enlightened selfishness" which intelligently yields when necessary. We recommend the expression to those who represent us in Springfield. The voters wish a real merit law and have expressed their wishes. Compliance will allow us to retain some vestige of faith in the platforms of political parties, and the pledges of candidates for office.

In the February number of the *Illinois Medical Journal* appeared an editorial that could not fail to be of general interest to readers of UNITY. It deals with the proposed teaching of applied Social Science in the University of Illinois. Such teaching is at present a novel field. Harvard University and Simmons College are jointly engaged in developing a school of sociology, while the University of Chicago has begun an Institute of Social Science and Arts, and the New York Charity Organization Society has received a large endowment for its School of Philanthropy. It is proposed to institute such a branch of teaching at our State University; it is but natural to suppose that the opportunity to gain this instruction will appeal to many young men and women who see in the needs of our State institutions a congenial field for their activity; yet, until the blight of the spoils system has been remedied by a State civil service law, skilled service cannot be secured and retained. It is interesting to appreciate that even as we hope to receive from the State Legislature a comprehensive Merit Law, we find the journal of the medical profession of this State alive to the enlarged opportunity which this law will bring them. In the reorganization of the Dunning Institutions and the Cook County Hospital, in the proposed sanitarium for sufferers from tuberculosis, we have had instances of their splendid zeal and sacrifice. In their keenness to assist in the betterment of the State Institutions, they stand for the finest citizenship. We join in their hope that the State Legislature will appropriate a sum sufficient to properly maintain the proposed course of instruction.

Already the bird hunter is abroad in the city parks and the suburbs. This bird hunter is not, however, one of the old-fashioned kind, he peers not over the doubled barreled gun that is to scatter destruction among the feathered tribes, but through the double barrels of a field glass whereby there is brought near to his gaze the endless vaudeville of the feathered performers that he watches with interest and sympathy. How different this from what transpired when the middle-aged men of today were boys. Then to go bird hunting was to use the gun or sling shot. To see a bird was to use it as a target for some missile. Today in the parks or fields the roughest boys may be seen defending a nest or a young bird from a despoiler of some kind. The reason for this change is to be found in the lessons in nature-love taught in our public schools. It only needed knowledge of the innocent and lovable nature of the bird to interest the young in bird life and with interest in their habits and manners came the sympathy that protects them. In most of our city schools there is a rivalry among these bird hunters, not to see who can bring in the most heads, but to be the one to see and be able to correctly list the most birds. Each new arrival from the south land is thus welcomed by many friends who watch with delight its antics in the spring sunshine and with interest its start at home-building.

The school is the source of much light that creates humane and noble sentiments, but it seems to the observer that in no place has it served men more than in making friends of the children and the birds. The advantage is not all with the birds, for it leads the young and old afield in healthful exercise and enriches the noble emotions of sympathy and imagination.

Some time ago a distinguished resident of Chicago issued a book in which he became reminiscent upon his boyhood days, and in speaking of them he said that when a boy he often pondered over the reason why his parents made him eat bread when he preferred pie and only allowed him pie after his appetite had been largely satisfied by other food. The conclusion at which he arrived in his mature years and set forth in his book was that his parents were wrong, and if one wants pie he should have it, and if he wants no bread he should have all pie. This is a conclusion that is being widely accepted in our age, but some voices are being raised in protest. The protests arise from many reasons. The first among them is that there is not pie enough to satisfy the hunger of all, and if any eat nothing else some must go without. Those who want nothing but pie satisfy their appetites at the expense of others. Again, a diet of pie is not wholesome, and he who eats not coarse bread knows not the health that attends a good appetite created by a bitter relish—in other words he loves not duty, but seeks an easy way. He feeds not for strength, but for pleasure. How thoroughly this is illustrated in the confessions of Oscar Wilde. He says: "The gods had given me almost everything. But I let myself be lured into long

spells of senseless and sensual ease. I became the spendthrift of my own genius, and to waste an eternal youth gave me a curious joy. Desire, at the end, was a malady or a madness, or both. I grew careless of the lives of others. I took pleasure where it pleased me and passed on. I ceased to be lord over myself. I was no longer the captain of my soul, and did not know it. I allowed pleasure to dominate me. I ended in horrible disgrace. There is only one thing for me now, absolute humility." Is he not a type of our time? Is not the clamor for pie abroad in the land? What we need is a strong rally about the standard set by the strong, sensible words of President Roosevelt, spoken at the "Mother's Congress" at Washington. As applied to life in general they were bread; yea, the bread of life. Pie may be all right in its place, but that is after bread. It is not for a diet, but an occasional pleasure.

Susan B. Anthony's eighty-fifth birthday was celebrated in all parts of the country, but the celebration in her own city of Rochester will have peculiar interest for UNITY readers on account of the place of meeting, and some of the speakers who took part in the program. The Political Equality Club met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Gannett to celebrate the day. The general topic was "What the Women of the New Century Owe to the Women of the Last Century and to Miss Anthony."

We quote from the *Woman's Tribune*:

Miss Mabel A. Clark, the President, gave the welcome, after which Miss Ruth H. Dennis told "What Woman's New Education Owes," dwelling especially on Miss Anthony's coming to the rescue and raising the \$100,000 which was required to open the University of Rochester to women. Mrs. W. S. Montgomery spoke of "What Woman's New Occupations Owe." Miss Anthony, she said, had been one of the women who had taught other women the joy of labor. Nothing more particularly characterizes Miss Anthony's mission to women than just this one sentence of Mrs. Montgomery's. Miss Anthony has not only taught this joy to women, but has made them feel her joy in all their work.

Mrs. Jean Brooks Greenleaf spoke of "What Woman's New Social Service Owes." Miss Anthony has shown us, she said, unfailingly our individual responsibility to our fellows and that true hospitality does not consist in the loaded table and prodigal display, but in the heart-felt welcome and the fraternal feeling. Mrs. Gannett's division of the subject was "The New Dignity That Motherhood Owes," and she said the movement which Miss Anthony represents had given a new nobility to marriage, for it had taught that the mother shares responsibilities with the father.

Little Dorothy Osborn, presenting a bouquet, told in the following words "What the Coming Woman Will Owe:"

I bring these flowers to speak for the new generation now coming forward, to tell our gratitude for the more beautiful life that you and your fellow-workers have opened to us. Everything is flowering for us. The colleges are opening to us over the land. We shall make our living in a hundred ways where our mothers had one. So our heads and our hands will be strong to do more good for the world than women have ever before been able to do. And we feel that this new power will make our hearts larger and sweeter for all that home means. You have given your life for this flowering of womanhood, and the girls of the new century bring you flowers to say that—and to thank you.

And Lewis S. Gannett spoke for the coming man:

And I, just a boy, want to thank you for us who are on our way to be men. The girls are not going to flower without us. The better "woman" there is in the world, the better "man" will stand by her side. If sisters can be better, if mothers

can be dearer, than ours—though we don't see how they can—then boys are bound to be truer men, to match them. So you have lived for us also. Though two, we are one, after all, and we shall grow nobler together. Come back to us fifty years hence, and we, working together to make them, will show you juster laws, more equal conditions, gentler homes—and to you and yours they will largely be due. The boys of the new century bring you their flowers and thank you.

University Ideals.

The serious illness of President Harper has drawn attention anew to the quality that is needed to make a successful college president in the beginning of the twentieth century. Formerly scholarship was the one requisite, today the scholarship must be respectable, perhaps equal to what the past required, but added to this there must be decided business ability. In this age even the minister must be a man of affairs with organizing and administrative ability if he is to succeed. In our large cities churches that have been all but abandoned because it was commonly held that the people who cared for such a church had largely moved away have been rejuvenated by energetic business methods on the part of the minister whereby he proved to men the value of his church by meeting real human needs. When this is true of ministers it is in a much larger degree true of the college president. But is this the final order of things? Is it the ideal? It would seem to the thoughtful that it is neither. The college president of today, especially in the largest universities, is a czar. The great responsibility that rests upon him comes from the fact that he is given power, upon him rests the whole policy of the institution and its success or failure is laid at his door. Even in our state institutions the managing board is dominated by the president of the school. The rage among our institutions of learning today seems to be for material prosperity; size in endowments, attendance and buildings are eagerly sought. But does not all of this only mark an immature condition? Is it not a spirit born out of modern strenuosity? Of course, it is useful in its way, for vast equipments are being brought together that form in their combination wonderful elements of power, but the question all questions above is, what use is to be made of this power? At present this is largely dictated by the man who has the business ability to gather the equipment. Of necessity he strives to make the education offered in his school a popular brand that the institution may be built up. His is the directing spirit and his ideals become those of the whole institution whose head he is. It is probably necessary to the great future usefulness of our colleges and universities that they be built up by a single dominating mind that handles material resources with wondrous skill, but when this has been accomplished, will not our institutions of learning be governed by a less autocratic method, will not each one of them be ruled by a democracy of learning? If they are to reach their highest usefulness to the highest needs of man it must be through a college spirit that is not born of the athletic field nor the fine housing of the school nor its great endowment, but of a

permeating spirit of a love for what the noblest education can do for men.

This can never come from our present day system of government, but must be born out of something similar to the senate of the English universities. No directing mind is broad enough to embrace all of the virtues needed in a school for manhood, especially a mind seeking to build a school great in material things.

We all will hail the day when the building of institutions is complete and all branches bring their garnered treasures to make the democracy that shall mark the mellow concord of the college of the future. Here shall ideals prevail that will make self-seeking seem base and human uplift placed above all else.

A Word About Edwin Arnold.

Edwin Arnold is sometimes identified with Matthew Arnold. But I believe the two men were not related. They were in most respects very different persons. The one thing they have in common is, that they were literary men and poets of some distinction. Matthew Arnold spent his whole life in England, was for thirty-five years a government inspector of English schools and thus was closely identified with English educational work, and rose to eminence as a poet and literary critic. Edwin Arnold went out from England in early manhood to India, where he was principal of a college for some years, and then returned to London and was long an editorial writer on one of the great London dailies. While engaged in this work he published a poem which attracted to him the eyes of the whole English-speaking world. It was his "Light of Asia," the story of the life of Buddah told in verse. After a few years he gave up his editorial writing and devoted the rest of his life to literature proper.

His distinction is his warm sympathy with oriental races and religions, and the great service he rendered to the people of Great Britain and America in bringing to their attention some of the best oriental literature. I said that he lived some years in India. Later he lived several years in Japan, a country with which he was greatly charmed. There he married a Japanese wife—seemingly a most estimable lady—with whom he appears to have lived very happily, first in Japan, and afterward in London, up to the time of his death last year.

As a prose writer Edwin Arnold was graphic and strong. His best prose books are upon subjects connected with the Orient, but he will be longest remembered by his poetry.

Besides his "Light of Asia," which is his greatest poem, he wrote a volume entitled "Indian Idylls"—tales in verse from the famous Indian Epic, the Mahabharata; and three or four other volumes devoted to Indian themes, some of the poems being original and others being vivid and interesting translations into

English verse of poems or parts of poems selected from the large body of Indian poetic literature, which is almost unknown to the Western world. He also gave us a volume of Mohammedan poems, entitled "Pearls of the Faith, or Islam's Rosary," and a volume of poetry from the Persian, entitled "With Sa'di in the Garden."

Thus he placed the English-speaking world under a great debt to him, by giving to us in attractive English form more of the choicest poetry of the Buddhists, the Hindoos and the Mohammedans than comes to us from any other writer. This is no small service on his part. It is something for which the Western world should be deeply grateful. Such books as he has written tend to let the West know the East as it really is; they enable us see oriental civilization and religion from the inside. They operate to break down barriers and prejudices, and help us to understand that the great heart of humanity is one, in Asia, in Europe and America. Yes, and they help us also to see that the deepest elements in all religions are largely one. We divide over sacred books, over names of prophets and teachers, and over certain speculative doctrines and forms of worship. But love is the same in all. Moral ideals are largely the same; and the spirit of worship in all is almost absolutely identical. More than any other writer of his generation, Edwin Arnold was the interpreter of the East to the West. We of the West know the East a little more sympathetically and truly, because of what he wrote. We may well remember gratefully and with honor a man who accomplished so important a work as this for his age.

J. T. SUNDERLAND.

Toronto, Canada.

Shared.

I said it in the meadow-path,
I say it on the mountain-stairs;
The best things any mortal hath
Are those which every mortal shares.

The air we breathe, the sky, the breeze,
The light without us and within;
Life, with its unlocked treasures,
God's riches, are for all to win.

The grass is softer to my tread,
For rest it yields unnumbered feet;
Sweeter to me the wild rose red,
Because she makes the whole world sweet.

Into your heavenly loneliness
Ye welcomed me, O solemn peaks!
And me in every guest you bless,
Who reverently your mystery seeks.

And up the radiant peopled way,
That opens into worlds unknown;
It will be life's delight to say,
"Heaven is not heaven for me alone."

Rich by my brother's poverty!
Such wealth were hideous! I am blest
Only in what they share with me,
In what I share with all the rest.

Lucy Larcom.

THE PULPIT.

World Problems.

LECTURE BY DR. H. W. THOMAS, GIVEN AT CITRONILLO, ALA., CHAUTAUQUA, MARCH 6TH.

The strange fact of life, of existence and being, is to each one a personal experience. Each life is so separated from all other lives that it must eat and breathe for itself; has its own sensations of pleasure or pain; each mind must think for itself, and each heart knows its own sorrows and joys.

But over against this fact of individuality, separateness, is the larger fact of the associate, the relatedness of life. The individual cannot live alone, but is conditioned in the mutuality of the relationships of one life with other lives, as in the home, the school, the state, the church, the business and work of a world. It is only in these relationships that the individual life can have in any large sense the power to do and become. The will of man is practically free only in so far as it can be actualized in deeds. It is one thing to be free to will, free to try; it is another thing to be able to do. It is only as the many wills work together that man can accomplish great things, cross continents and oceans in less days than it used to take weeks, and send his messages around the earth in an hour.

The problems of life arise from and have to do with the nature, needs and the conditioning environments common to mankind, hence in some form they have always been present. And the same problems have been continuous; the long ages have toiled upon the same tasks of body, mind and heart, have tried to do the same things, but in different ways, and to think upon the same questions, but with different conclusions.

From such reflections it is easy to see how these great and continuous tasks and questions become universal—World Problems. Man is essentially a social being, an institutional being; and hence, has naturally, necessarily sought to institutionalize his world. To meet his physical needs have arisen the many forms and divisions of labor, and as a correlation, the possession of feeling or the sense of ownership, the rights of property, and along with these, the related fact of representative values, of money or capital.

Such a condition of multitudinous and related industries naturally called for regulatory rules and definitions of individual and associate rights and duties and some recognized authority to make them effective. Hence, the institutionalized world must have some form of government.

And all this means that man is a creature of more than mere physical force. Industry and government make a mind-world, a rational order. Nor can we stop at this. These relations involve the questions and facts of the great virtues of truth, honesty, justice and the emotions of sympathy, of love.

The simple fact is, whether we would have it so or not, we are in a moral order. The questions and facts of right, of duty cannot be put aside; they are a part of and rise up out of the fundamental facts of the mental nature and relations of man to man. The fact of sex carries in itself the duties and obligations of social purity and the sacredness of the home. The relations of labor and capital and business carry in themselves the imperatives of social justice. The tremendous fact of a moral order as an essential part of an institutional world does not rest upon the civil law, the statutes of the state; it does not rest upon the Bible; these are expressions of a something that is deeper. The moral order has its foundations in the

world beyond the books and the legislations of a congress. It is in the very constitution of things. It is in the nature and relations of man. It is in God. It is God; it is love; goodness in action.

Hence the institutionalized world of man looks to the rational and the moral; hence it must have homes, schools and government, and from all these it naturally has the church and religion. In all these have been the great World-Problems of the past, and in a larger sense the problems of the present, for the life of mankind was never so closely related industrially, commercially, educationally, governmentally and religiously as now. These wonderful years are bringing all nations and peoples nearer together. The day is at hand when all minds and hearts should think and act from the standpoint of the universal good.

When we look out upon this vast world-scene of the countless generations of human beings coming, and going, all with a common nature, common needs and environments, and each in its time toiling over the same problems of body, mind and soul, the life of man begins to take on larger meanings. Placed under thought, this world-scene, though ever changing, appears as a whole with its related parts, and all as a continuous progressive order of the ever becoming.

It is not possible in this passing study to follow the process from its low and far-off beginnings through the ages of the evolution of its institutionalized forms. In such a study suggestively presented, there is the outer or objectivized side of what the ages have done along the lines of the physical, of the hard work done, the long wars fought, the governments and religions founded. All this is the outside; it is the strange story of history; it has its place and value.

But if we are to have a vision of the real meaning of such a world-scene, we must go deeper; we must see man as more than a physical organism with material needs, appetites and passions. These are facts and factors, they appear in the foreground of action, but back of and beneath the objective, is the larger, finer and higher being and world of mind, of spirit, the real being in the world of the rational and the moral. The philosophy of history must see back of all the outer changes, the struggles and higher becomings of the inner life of thinking and feeling.

It is in the evolution of thought, reason, imagination, emotion, of the moral qualities of being that relate man to the Infinite that we must find the mastery of mind over matter, the sources of the beautiful in art; the higher harmonies of the soul in music, the patriotism that dies for a country, the martyrdom that goes to the stake for a principle, a Socrates dying for the truth, the Christ in the garden and on the cross.

It is this fact of a moral order within the material order that gives to the long life of our world its profound significance. Out of these measureless depths and heights of the soul-world, and God, the great religions have been born; out of these conscience and the principles of liberty and justice have slowly found their way into governments, and the great life of love and brotherhood are coming to rule and bless a world.

It is in this inner deeper soul-life that the great meanings and abiding inspiration and power of the world's Bibles and great literatures are found. It is the inner struggle of each life, the dualism of good and evil, the battle between the lower and the higher, the negative and the positive, universalized, that gives literature its high place. It is the myths—and the reality of the story of Eden; it is the tragedy of Helen and the Trojan war; it is Dante astray in the Dark Woods; it is Milton's fallen Satan, Faust's Struggle

of a Soul, Wagner's Parsifal. It is Jesus in the mount of Temptation.

Trying to stand at the inner centres of thought and soul life, let us now in briefest suggestion, look at some of the World Problems as they appear and have to be dealt with in our own time.

We have seen that by nature and necessity man is an institutional being, hence government is one of the world's continuous problems. As it is only in association that the will of man can accomplish large things, the problem is how to conserve the freedom of the individual, and at the same time secure the strength of the united action of the many. It is one will facing another will, and the only possible solution is in Free-Will, Willing Free-Will. And that is Democracy, the rule of the people, a government of the free.

In this there is—must be, a measure of self-surrender of personal freedom for the common good, but what is lost in this way comes back a thousand fold in the larger power of the individual to do in working with the united will. And thus we see that government is for man, not man for government. Democracy is not repression, but larger expression. It means, not the freedom of the capricious will, but of the educated, the disciplined will. Imperialism is government enforced from without; Democracy is government self chosen and enforced.

Herbert Spencer has well said that a Democracy is the last and most difficult task of mankind; that the tendency of government is to get away from the people, to become a power in itself and to use that power for personal and party ends. The lesson to us as a great nation of the free is to prepare ourselves more and more for such a high place among the nations. The principles of patriotism have to be re-created in each generation. We have no Washington, no Lincoln to lead this land now. We cannot too carefully cherish the memories and inspirations of our sacred past, cannot too carefully guard against the dangers of political corruption, and the lowering of our high ideals of liberty. Our enforced rule over the Philippines is a source of sadness to many loyal souls in this land, and many see with alarm the tendency to an oligarchy, a plutocracy, the rule of the few and the rich, and the danger of public disregard for all law. We should all rejoice in national expansion, but not expansion by conquest, and rejoice in our growth and prosperity; but the enduring greatness, the moral grandeur of our country must be in the high moral qualities of the people and our lofty ideals. Henceforth the World Problem must be the Democracy of mankind.

Closely related to government are the problems of militarism and industrialism. In the early tribal ages wars were almost continuous. As the stronger conquered the weaker, tribes were consolidated in kingdoms under the military despotism of the victorious chiefs. Then, wars of conquest or extermination were waged between the kingdoms. Alexander the Great and the Caesars conquered the world. With the fall of Rome the nations of Europe slowly took shape, and in more recent years the march has been for the conquest of Asia and Africa. All in all, the history of the world has been largely the story of its wars.

The strong men have gone to battle; the aged, the feeble, the women and children have toiled to support the armies. And all this seemed natural, was natural from the standpoint of physical force and the right of conquest. But a change was gradually working its way; the ships and highways and inventions necessary to war, became the helpers of industry, the

peaceful pursuits of agriculture led the people away from the destructive ideas and feelings of war; industrialism called for the creative forces, and business required security, and from all these sources there has come and is coming more and more every day, a feeling against war, a revolt against its fearful costs and losses.

Henceforth industrialism will be in the foreground; the nations of the earth will come into the treaty relations of peace, and world-courts will arbitrate questions of dispute. And this great change is coming sooner than we have thought it possible; it is a growing sentiment from the soul side of being; it is a conviction of common sense on the commercial and economic side. Nations that have no other way to settle their quarrels than by an appeal to force, are only half civilized. The appeal should be to justice, and a world police could easily enforce its decisions.

The idea of the sovereignty of nations so universally accepted in international law, is right in so far as it refers to the laws and institutions of a people, their right to manage their own affairs. But there is, must be, a limit to national sovereignty. No nation has or can have a moral right to legalize positive wrong. Over all such claims and abuses is the supreme sovereignty of justice, of the rights of man, the sovereignty of humanity and God, and this will be enforced by the enlightened and quickened conscience of a world. World Peace is the first and most urgent problem of these great years.

We are beginning to understand a little of the possibilities, the high meaning and mission of industrialism, of man as a worker, a creator, and of the augmented power of labor supplemented by the mastery of natural forces in the uses of machinery. It has come so suddenly that we hardly know what to do with it, and it has made possible abuses, the oppression of the weak and the aggregation of fabulous fortunes; it has naturally centralized industries and specialized forms of labor.

We are in the midst of the mightiest transition ever known, and it is not alone in the uses of outer forces; beneath these are the greater changes going on in the minds and hearts, the thinking and feeling of the millions. Everything is being universalized.

In the early years of the past century Adam Smith's theories went so far as to specialize the work of nations in the division of labor: Russia was to be a grain raising country; England was to manufacture for all Europe, and practically did so for fifty years or more. But such specializations were not in line with the higher laws and purposes that look not alone to the making of things, but primarily to the making of man. Man is a creator; Froebel is right in accentuating this creative impulse. Hence man needs the many forms of labor, and in the last fifty years the countries of Europe have all become manufacturing as well as agricultural. Russia, Germany, France, are competing with England, and Italy, without minerals or fuel, is creating about all she needs in the products of iron and steel. The healthy tendency is, for each nation to produce in all lines what it needs, and to consume its own products.

The use of machinery has changed everything, and now we are just entering the new field of the culture of life that promises not less wonderful results in improved farming gardening fruits and flowers in larger quantities and finer qualities, and in all animal life, than machinery has wrought in the field of forces. Machinery is making possible the results of agriculture on larger scales, but is also opening up a new world of intensive farming and gardening on a small scale. One acre under the new methods is equal to four or five under the old.

Along with Adam Smith's division of national labor, was the Matthusian doctrine of the danger of over-production, that the earth could not support the increasing population, and we used to hear supposedly intelligent persons saying that war and pestilence were nature's way of killing off the useless and surplus people. That argument that was a kind of support and boast of the falsely named aristocracy, has no standing now. Under high culture this country alone can easily feed the whole world.

We have feared the effects of the centralization of labor and capital, and it has unfortunate results. But somehow great Nature has a way of correcting evils, and now we see the distribution of mechanical forces supplementing the struggles of the suffering and often failing industries of the smaller shops; little cities are springing up all over Europe—far up in Russia, and around these are arising the improved methods of intensive farming and gardening, and the toiling shop workers can have the change of a few hours each day in working with nature, with life; and in this way not only increasing their income, but what is far more, enlarging and enriching their own lives. The dull monotony and din of machinery deadens the life of the millions of toilers. The creative impulse is lost in the multitudinous divisions of labor where no worker creates anything. Think of working all one's years on the nineteenth part of a pin, or the lesser part of a watch.

There is coming a new education that looks to the making of the whole being, to the creative impulse. The old idea of education, largely in the classics, was for the aristocracy; it created a class; and this idea is still extant with many. But a great change is near in which we shall see that the equipment of a college with farms and shops where students can work their way, is better than an endowment where students go out knowing everything, but cannot do anything. Industrial education is the next World Problem.

The age of the people is near when all will be educated, and here labor will be exalted and culture find its place and value in the field, the shop, the home, in all the useful arts of doing. That will give our suffering world balanced bodies, brains and hearts. Tolstoy is right in claiming that every child should be taught to work; it is the great school and lesson of self-respect, of the knowledge of values and the equality of the rights of man. It is the best school—church of morality. One who has never worked must have a hard time trying to be religious.

In the threatening struggles between labor and capital, labor has the first place; labor was before capital, created capital; capital is the "Dead Hand", labor the living hand. But capital is necessary, has its place and rights. The law of justice and the sense of brotherhood are the only peaceful solution. Our commercialized age should reflect the meaning of all this struggle is not alone nor mainly in things; the real values are in life, and the great aim of all should be to make larger and better lives, to make it possible for the toiling millions to rise to better conditions. Such is the solidarity of things that mankind must rise or fall together.

Greatest of all, gathering up the meaning and end of all, is the World Problem of Religion. Upon no other is there more need of larger thinking. Many of the old beliefs are dropping out of present thought; the rising generation is tending to agnosticism and indifference. Religion is asking for a restatement; it must be seen, not as some old dogma to be accepted upon authority, but as a profound reality appealing to the reason and conscience, as the attitude of the soul, as an inner consciousness of the Divine, a glad consenting to and going with the Divine, seeking to

know and do the will of God, a life of reverence, of love to be lived. Religion is the life of God in the soul of man.

The final foundations of religion are not in any book, are not affected by any truths of science or Higher Criticism. The foundations of religion are in the world beyond the books, in the soul and God. Inspiration is natural, continuous; the Divine is ever present and speaking to man, seeking to make real the life of the Christ in all souls.

There can be no greater loss to any age or people than the loss of this consciousness of the Infinite. It lowers all ideals, lessens all life, shuts up the soul to sense and time, weakens the imperative of the right, obscures the vision of morally sublime and cuts off the path of hope.

But God lives; religion cannot die; there is coming a larger and better faith and hope; coming the religion of love to man and God in which divisions and strifes shall cease and the souls of earth be one in the brotherhood of a world.

"Alone In the World."

A SERMON BY REV. WILSON M. BACKUS.

*Man dwells apart, though not alone,
He walks among his peers unread;
The best of thoughts which he hath known,
For lack of listeners are not said.*

—Jean Ingelow.

Oh Lord of Hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee. Ps. 84, 12 vs.

The necessity in our human nature for a source of reliance is very great.

Those who are able to stand alone are very few and usually very unlovely. Dickens has given us a vivid picture of this sort of a man in the person of Ralph Nickleby. Cold, selfish, calculating, without a single generous emotion, he stood alone in the world, neither giving nor receiving any of that sympathy which it seems to be the nature of man to seek and give. In history we have an illustration in Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Stratford. Calm, self-contained, ambitious and unscrupulous he stood alone weaving policies which might promote the power of the king and elevate himself. For the welfare of his nation or its liberties he cared not. Unloved and unloving he was forced to meet his doom alone, deserted even by the king he served.

In my personal experience there has come to me two different sensations of loneliness. One is the loneliness of a large city where one stands among the surging crowds, no familiar face to break the monotony of the sea of strange faces, no eyes to speak in pleasing recognition their message of friendliness, of interest, or of kindness. The other is the loneliness of nature's vastness. Its great woodlands or stretches of plain, or the starlit sky of night, or the illimitable expanse of ocean. When one stands alone in their presence he seems to feel his apartness from his kind very much, but there seems also to be another power that takes possession of the soul and assures it that in spite of its atomic size it is yet a part and parcel of the whole. To him who thus stands before the majesty of nature, even while awed by her immensity, there comes a feeling that he is not alone and uncared for. The stars to him are eyes to return his emotions, and those who face nature the most soon learn to people that which is inanimate to the dweller of the city with life which speaks to his life. But the city's loneliness is something different, it has lost that freshness which springs from nature's heart. The tall buildings, the

grime, the crowds have shut out sympathy, and despair seizes upon the lonely one.

It is for this reason that a high type of civilization breeds such a contempt for life in so many. And yet if life is anything it is a divine gift—a thing to cherish, to mellow, to round, to make worthy of all the glories of mind and heart that are made possible for it to achieve. And it is to this end that all of life's beneficent forces act, while all other forces work to its narrowing, embittering—its lack of worth.

Of course, it is utterly impossible for one to stand wholly alone in the world for any considerable time, for the very nature that we have with its manifold wants and aspirations leads us into contact with our kind. The whole human fabric is in touch; great currents of commerce from all parts of the world mingle our wants and our works with man's everywhere. All waves of social emotion and thought penetrate to every nook and cranny of the community, adding their mite to the formation of character, good or bad. But these things are only general. They are the common every day of life. In all of us is present a necessity for something more special than this, something to enter into our lives with broadening, sweetening, wholesome effect. It is to supply this need that human love has been given us, or as we might express it the need and the supply have been evolved by our advancing refinement. To the sensitive soul some one to turn to for sympathy and appreciation is a necessity, and to all it is a blessing. How pleasing it is to be with one who has such an affinity of mind or soul for us as to be able to appreciate with the utmost delicacy our every expression and action. There is nothing that takes more of the light out of life than a lack of appreciation by others of our real motives and desires. How many times a proud yet tender heart has withered and bled in secret because misapprehension had condemned where praise was due! A kind hearted gentleman stooped down to loosen the weight that cruel boys had tied to a dog when its teeth met through his hand. It was not accustomed to kindness and only thought that fresh torment was intended. It misunderstood the motive. Even so from all time has kindheartedness met with such return from those who did not understand. From the dog it could be forgiven, for he could know no better, but often it comes from those who should know better. I do not suppose that Columbus was disturbed by the jeers and mockery of the street boys half as much as he was by the scoff and scorn of the courtiers who thronged the court of Arragon and Castile. The gamin could be forgiven for his very ignorance, but the courtier should have seen the great heart and daring purpose of the great discoverer and ceased his smooth-faced sneer. It was so with the gentle "man of sorrows." He found those who, partly at least, appreciated his love for God and man, else had his work not gone on after his death. But who were they who appreciated him who "spoke as never man spoke?" It was not those whom one would expect. It was not the learned led up to an understanding of what he taught by their studies of the great truths of their religion, but the common people. And those who should have seen the great heart of love, tender and true, that wept over the sin and sorrow of men and which would fain have gathered the sorrowing ones of earth into its generous breadth of sympathy and brotherly love, saw it not and in jealous rage crucified him. It is small wonder that such a soul aflame with love for his nation and the individual man should have wept over Jerusalem and uttered the lamentation that has been repeated so often as a sublime expression of grief and pity. And yet that ten-

der heart had to go still farther in its sorrow at the inability of others to understand it. In Gethsemane he had his struggle all alone, even those who knew best his teachings and his love could not understand him in his supreme hour of need and alone he wrestled with his soul while his disciples slept—slept! ah, how expressive of that apathy which the finest souls find and which causes them to walk this earth alone. But the desertion did not end here, for he went to his death alone. Is it any wonder that torn from all who loved him, hooted, derided, murdered, his heartrending cry should pierce the heavens: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Alone in the world he hung upon a cross for conscience's sake. Can the good, the brave, the true look upon it without sorrow tugging at their heart strings. And there are many that we meet in mart and street crying that same sad cry to-day. Bereft of all, homeless, alone, they cry that heart-broken cry of Calvary "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" And the brazen heavens open not in answer! It has always been so. I imagine that John Brown, whatever may have been his sanity, certainly a clean, tender hearted man, felt that same despairing cry well up in his throat. Misunderstood, despised, forsaken, he had not the courage to await the day when slavery should cease because of men's better knowledge but must prematurely strive to break its shackles. Yet in his soul was that high love for man and devotion to his supposed call to duty that has ever marked the duty loving fanatic, but which has in time stirred the world until he who walked alone in life has had a multitude of followers when dead. But it is not the high examples alone of which we need take note, nor the tragic ones; for there may be at our firesides those who are alone in the world because of our own lack of appreciation or sympathy. Do husband and wife walk apart though wedded? Are her or his ideas, and longings, and yearnings treated as mere fancies, things to be scorned? Is he or she allowed to go through the watch in Gethsemane alone? If so wonder not that cool indifference has taken the place of love. Is there a delicate, shrinking child in our home that those of coarser clay make sport of because of its delicate imaginings and do we repress and frighten instead of drawing out the subtle and interesting fancies of the child mind? If so, we are making one alone who ought not to be alone in the world. There is nothing more sad to contemplate than the contact of the delicate and the coarse and see the shrinking and pain that comes to the sensitive one. Oh, that men would try to know each other better! Of course we need, none of us, ever expect to be fully understood, the power to understand each other fully having been denied us, hence each one of us must expect to measurably stand alone. We may have lived half a life-time with one and yet be surprised at some sudden unfolding of an unsuspected capability, or beauty, or emotion. We often mistake shyness for pride; not being able to put ourselves in the place of the one we misjudge. Thus, perforce, are we "alone in the world" to some degree. But often much of our loneliness is our own fault; if we gave sympathy we should receive it, and our aloofness is often a prime cause of our aloneness. Whatever may be the cause of our holding ourselves away from our kind, sensitiveness, pride or indisposition, it should be overcome, for it narrows life and a narrow life is never wholesome or happy. The only hopeless and bitter skepticism I have ever found among men or women has been that caused by this aloneness. They have ceased to cry out "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" and say, "There is no God!" I do not say that this attitude is right,

but it is lamentably true. Where human love and sympathy and truth are found trust comes easily, but where there is no sympathy or truth, trust comes but meagerly. Hence the necessity for some one to turn to for appreciation, for real help—some strong and ready one. Did one have a good thought that was capable of creating a noble emotion, that thought is better if it can be shared with another, for the sympathy created warms it into more vigorous life. Thus sympathy is the nursery of virtue. It is motherhood that develops the tenderness of childhood. How sad it is to see childhood "alone in the world," for it is so apt to be hard and bitter. It would be more so if it were not that the child's affections, repulsed when they ought to be encouraged, are very apt to find some other channel of expression. I believe that there is nothing that so lightens life's way as mutual sympathy. Mark the man in the community that is most relied upon; it is the sympathetic man. It is the one best able to understand another. As I have said, there is always in all people a desire for appreciation; in some it is vague and dumb, yet it is there. The wail of the prophet is not over his poverty, hunger, or martyrdom, but because he receives no sympathy, because he stands alone. This is what causes the man lost in the forest to lose his reason and the shipwrecked mariner to forget that he is a man. Men are brave and true when with those who sympathize with them, but often cowards and untrue when alone or among those who are unfriendly.

As we learn more of life's real depths as exhibited in human nature we learn to think more kindly of sentiment. We smile at the effusions of the very sentimental, perhaps justly, and yet to them their sentiment is all in all, and the appreciation that they demand is the light of life to them. To take away sympathy and affection would be to shut off the supply of life. This need is too universal, from the hardest headed and hearted of our race to the most tender, for one to scoff at it in others. Even Ralph Nickleby and Arthur Gride expressed a ghoulis sort of sympathy for each other in their various unholy enterprises. Religion has ever recognized this need of human nature. It has not been the Christian religion alone, but all forms. The Buddhist devotee, suffering from various causes, bows his head before the wooden Buddha and says: "Thou knowest, oh Lord Buddha, for thou went'st the way before." And the Christian, bereft of human sympathy, the whole world seemingly devoid of light, takes his burden to Jesus and pours out his grief and woe in his name. I do not doubt but what it does each devotee untold good, relieving the tension of his mind, as it does when we meet one who sympathizes with our grief and in his sympathy it is more than half gone. The Catholic church has always provided a retreat for those "alone in the world" where in meditation and prayer and devotion they might spend that life which lack of human sympathy or love had made valueless to them, pouring out their sorrows in confessions and prayers.

The Protestant has made, too often, I think, the prayer meeting a place of confessional, for I believe that those more delicate things which separate us from sympathy, appreciation or love, are too sacred to be shown to the world, even to a religious gathering. Hawthorne says: "So far as I am a man of really individual attributes, I veil my face, nor am I, nor have I ever been, one of those supremely hospitable people who serve up their own hearts delicately fried with brain sauce, as a tidbit for the beloved public." He has been truest to himself in all of life's relations, nor does it at all put him out of the pale of sympathy, who can say: "My conscience does not reproach me

with betraying anything too sacredly individual to be revealed by a human spirit to its brother or sister spirit." But that there should be a balm in religion is true. Where should one look for comfort from these most serious and sacred troubles if it be not in religion! Even the great faith of Jesus was daunted in his darkest hour of aloneness. Is it any wonder then that the poor outcast who has drank the lees in his or her cup of life should see no light in heaven or on earth? Or is it any wonder that those crucified upon a cross of cruelty, crowned with the thorns of indifference and pierced by the spear of evil-mindedness should fail to see the light? But the light is here, as many who have thus suffered have seen and known. Jesus faltered, but it was only for a moment. Those deepest plunged in darkness oftentimes come to see the light. There is but one place where the light dwelleth, and that is in Divine Love.

In St. Peter's college, or Peter House, as it is most commonly called, the oldest college in Cambridge, there is a very ancient window that was brought from the Low Countries. It is in the chapel and from the outside it is a very bad looking window indeed, being but a patchwork of dark glass; from the inside it is not much handsomer, being a very ordinary looking window from most points of view, but the verger takes the visitor to a spot from which the light is seen to come through the window in such a manner as to blend the window into a perfect whole, the full beauty of its rich, dark colors and their glorious blending meets the eye with perfect harmony and beauty and makes him who sees draw a full deep breath of delight and wonder at the beauty revealed. He has reached the place where the light dwelleth and it has made apparent the beauty. It is the beauty of divine love shining through our human kind in philanthropy, truth and purity that best lightens the glories of Godliness and brings our lives into loving submission to its laws. But when this has not shone for us there is still the way of appreciation. What are these things that glow within me that I fail to find sympathy for in others? They are divine and I shall take them to the divine, and by them I shall appreciate the divine. The divine does not lack for interpreters. The mountain rill, the nodding flowers, the wayside clover, the baby face, the wonders of human knowledge, these as well as myriad other expressions can draw us to that source that does not leave his children alone in the world when they seek to know his face and grasp his hand. It was in this manner that Jesus saw him in which he was not alone. He said, "Behold the lilies of the field, how they toil not, neither do they spin; yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." To him this was a lesson in faith, a poet's insight, and to us all it may be.

When we look to where the light dwelleth we see that faith is all. Elizabeth Oakes Smith has said,

"Faith is the subtle chain
That binds us to the Infinite, the voice
Of a deep life within."

It is at this point of contact that our isolation is lost for faith binds us close to God and in it we see that:

"Thro' the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the process
of the suns."

And not alone the thoughts of men but also the hearts of men which is making it less and less necessary for any to stand alone in the world. The great prophets and seers of all times have stood alone because they were nearer God than men. So to-day, if it be that we stand alone because of lack of appreciation from any of the higher causes let it only be to turn to the source of the isolating virtue for com-

radeship; while if the isolation be of woe or shame—the source of all virtue ever welcomes back the penitent and comforts the broken-hearted. To those who are not thus exalted the blight of aloneness can be removed only by human fellowship and appreciation. The church exists, largely to cultivate the spirit of sympathy and helpfulness that we may not stand in aloneness but in the spirit of human brotherhood. Are we sympathetic within our brotherhood and do we carry our sympathy to our homes, and out into the world? It is said to be more blessed to give than to receive. Do you wish to put this to the test? Then give sympathy where it is needed and witness the response. Goethe said of music: "Thou speakest to me of things which in my endless life, I have not found and shall not." This is also true of the human eye, that window of the soul which at times is uncurtained that we may look deep into its illimitable depths. Sympathy uncurtains the window and we see within the veil into the shekinah, the holy of holies, and if we be at all worthy that sight will abide as a constant source of blessing, for have we not been within a holy place. This is the response that is paid to our sympathy. The eye shows that the soul was touched and helped.

It is but little that any of us can do to uplift the world; but by sympathy to make our homes happy because of happy hearts within, and to carry this same sympathy into the world is to do the best that is in our power, for it will make some one at least know that he is not alone in the world.

I shall close with an illustration that but a short time ago came under my observation of the beneficent power of human sympathy. Two men representing different branches of a political party were partizan opponents. The child of one of them died, and the other man meeting him took his hand and holding it told him with tears in his eyes how sorry he was. The father told me that the sympathy manifested melted his heart and he could have nothing but the warmest feeling toward one who could feel thus deeply for him in his grief. Oh, the might of human kindness, hearts of flint melt before it, and though it does sometimes meet with ingratitude yet it is the power that makes flower gardens out of our hearts in which grow the roses of life which decorate and make worth while life's little day.

The proprietors of many of the saloons in the large cities add music to the other "attractions" of their resorts. Frequently this is furnished by a musician who is both a pianist and a vocalist, whose station is near the street entrance, while the "business" goes on in the back room, behind the screen doors.

Late one night the owner of one of these places observed that his patrons had paused to listen to the clear tenor voice of his musician in the outer room, who was singing an old melody of wonderful sweetness.

Some of them were standing with their glasses half-way to their lips. Others had set their liquor down untasted. He saw one dissipated old "rounder" furtively wipe away a tear. This was enough. He rushed into the outer room.

"Say," he exclaimed, in a hoarse whisper, "you mustn't sing that! You're killing business!"

The musician had been singing "The Old Oaken Bucket."—*Youth's Companion*.

"What peace a man brings to himself, and what joy to others, merely by managing himself aright."

Matthew Arnold.

THE STUDY TABLE.

Notes.

In the Atlantic for March you will find the opening chapters of a thoroughly first-class story, by Margaret Sherwood. The discussion of Prohibition is also good, and so is Thoreau's Journal, but there is a good deal in this number not much better than what we can pick up anywhere. The letter to Roosevelt is particularly tame.

If you want to know what modern farming is, and how country life is being exalted, and agriculture brought to the front, get the World's Work for March, and read the article, "The Government and the New Farmer." After that, begin a search for a country home; or if you have one now make a study of how best to improve it.

B. Fay Mills sends me seven sermons on the Sermon on the Mount; and Mary Russell Mills sends me a beautifully bound essay on "The Art of Living." Mr. Mills' sermons are keen, theologically generous, and sure to provoke some antagonism as well as endorsement. The two little volumes are fine companions, and will be welcome visitors in kindly homes.

One more book in the "Physical Culture" list comes from G. P. Putnam's Sons. It is rather the best of the whole list. The discussion of food is especially excellent. The author brings out the fact that we are eating at least twice as much as we need, and that the hardest work that we ever do is to get rid of the food we cannot assimilate. I think this book is just about the one that you need in the family. Free from rant, cant, and hobbies. You had better get it. Its title is "The Physical Culture Life."

From G. P. Putnam's Sons I have "Kobo," a story of the Russo-Japanese war, by Herbert Strang. This is a lively book, and makes good use of what has gone on in Korea and Manchuria, to work out a first-class story. It reminds me somewhat of Cooper in its use of historic facts, and its lively way of telling a story. It is rather a boy's book than otherwise—with a broad-gauge humor in it. He brings out his heroes, including Mrs. Pottle, all right, and doesn't forget a bit of a love story.

C. P. Putnam's Sons place on my table "The Kaiser as He Is, or the Real William II." This is a witty book, but written from the French standpoint. It probably will do us Americans good to read it, but we must have common sense to draw our own conclusions. It lets in considerable daylight on the ambitions of Europe; but Europe has got her hands full to keep out of bankruptcy, with her standing armies and her autocracy. We shall soon have our hands full if we go much farther in imitating the decayed continent.

Another book from the same firm is another volume in the Heroes of the Nations series. This volume discusses the character and life of Constantine the Great. It is a marvelous subject and it is discussed with a great amount of fairness by Prof. John B. Firth, of Queens College, Oxford. I cannot help recalling what some one has said, "What a pity that Christianity could not have been launched upon the world by such a man as Marcus Antonius, instead of Constantine."

It was a bad sponsor for the religion embodied in the work and thought of Jesus Christ.

"The Commonwealth of Man," by Robert A. Holland, is one of the volumes sent out by G.P. Putnam's Sons. This volume comprises the Slocum lectures of 1894, delivered at the University of Michigan. When I say that they are the production of that genial, versatile, noble, brave rector, who has kept St. George's church, in St. Louis, right up to the forefront of religious progress and thought, you will all want to read it; and if you do read it you will never be sorry. The introductory chapter is The Man with the Hoe. This is followed by Progress by Property, The Brother to the Ox, The Ideal Man, The Reign of the Plutocrat, The Future of Society, The Wages of Going On, The Sword of the Lord, etc. Every chapter rings and sings with life and vital thought. There is a brain behind them and a man. Long life to Dr. Holland.

From G. P. Putnam's Sons comes a thoroughly magnificent work—much needed just now—by Henry Wellington Wack: "The Story of the Congo Free State." This book is superbly gotten up and illustrated in a way to make it very effective. It is a thoroughly careful review of the social, political and economic aspects of this government in Central Africa. It discredits entirely the charges of cruelty against Congo officials, which have been so very current as to shake the world. He certainly has done a great deal to clear up matters. But the reader will, however, conclude that the higher race has probably carried on its enterprises with a very strong conviction that the natives are a lower type of beings. The Puritans in New England, the Saxons in England, the Romans everywhere, failed of a literal interpretation of the Golden Rule. The Belgians in Africa have probably committed many acts that they would not have committed in Europe. However, it is pretty clear that the Dark Continent is being made lighter by the Congo Free State. The book is interesting to the very last degree.

E. P. POWELL.

Easter Leaflets.

The Easter leaflets issued by the James H. West Company, 220 Devonshire Street, Boston, are attractive in appearance and appropriate in sentiment. They have the advantage, also, of bearing no denominational imprint, so that their message of cheer can go anywhere. And they are fitted not alone for Easter, but for all times when a word of comfort and hope is needed. First are two by Mr. Chadwick, "The Abiding Love" and "The Other Side." Gladstone's notable "Prayer for the Dead" is here, and "The Two Mysteries" (life and death) by Mary Mapes Dodge. Two or three are by Mr. West himself, for whose verses there is a constantly increasing call: "The Loved and Gone," "The Kiss of Death" (which is accompanied in the same leaflet by "Known of Old" and "Eastward Windows"), and another, also containing three brief pieces, under the general title of "The Feast of Resurrection," being voices of the spring. Mr. Blake's "Many Mansions" is quaint in diction and full of poetic grace. Others are George Eliot's "Choir Invisible" and Edwin Arnold's "After Death" ("He who died at Azen sends this to comfort faithful friends.") All of these are admirably printed, many of them in two colors. They are a group of bright and earnest Easter messages which cannot fail to be welcomed by any who receive one or more of them. The price is five cents each or 50 cents per dozen.

THE HOME.

ALL CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT
TO MRS. WILLIAM KENT, 5112 KIMBARK AVENUE, CHICAGO.

Helps to High Living.

- SUN.—The very power of religion lies in bringing *emotion* to bear on our rules of conduct, and thus making us care for them so much, consider them so deeply and reverentially, that we surmount the great practical difficulty of acting in obedience to them, and follow them heartily and easily.
- MON.—Try all the ways to righteousness you can think of, and you will find that no way brings you to it except the way of Jesus, but that way does bring you to it.
- TUES.—There is an enduring power, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness.
- WED.—Culture is: to know the best that has been thought and said in the world.
- THURS.—Culture is indispensably necessary, and culture is *reading*; but reading with a purpose to guide it, and with system.
- FRI.—Give to any man all the time that he now wastes, not only on his vices (when he has them), but on useless business, wearisome or deteriorating amusements, trivial letter-writing, random reading, and he will have plenty of time for culture.
- SAT.—When we are asked, what is the object of religion? let us reply: *Conduct*. And when we are asked further, what is conduct? let us answer: *Three-fourths of life*.
—*Literature and Dogma, Matthew Arnold.*

Little Albert and the Heathen.

When me and mamma was alone, one day,
And she was makin' things to send away,
Far over where the heathens are, you know,
That haven't any clo's to wear, and go
All day without a stitch on, and don't care,
Because it's never chilly over there,
She told me all about the way they do—
I almost wisht I was a heathen, too.

The heathens they don't go to school, and all
They haft to do to get their meals is crawl
Up trees and pick them off and eat and eat
Without first havin' to get washed. They beat
Their tomtoms when they want more exercise,
And needn't care if they ain't rich or wise;
They never haft to learn arithmutick,
Nor take stuff that is nasty when they're sick.

The heathens needn't earn their board and keep,
Or rock their brothers till they go to sleep,
And when the preacher comes they needn't try
To make him think they're good enough to die
Or be afraid that when he's out of sight
They'll get a lickin' for not actin' right;
They never haft to wear things that are new—
I almost wisht I was a heathen, too.

The heathens fish on Sundays and can play
And yell the same as any other day;
My mamma says there ain't nobody there
Has more than others have to eat or wear;
Most heathens don't go 'round there feelin' bad
'Cause other heathens took all that they had;
Some people thinks it's sad, but I don't know
Why we should pity the poor heathen so.

The heathens' fathers don't come home at night
From offices where things ain't goin' right
And be so nervous that their little boys
Don't hardly dare to make the slightest noise;
They needn't be afraid of punishment,
For God fergives them, 'cause they're ignerunt,
And when I think of all I haft to do,
I almost wisht I was a heathen, too.

—S. E. Kiser.

Grace Darling.

It was a dark September morning. There was a storm at sea. A ship had been driven on a low rock off the shores of the Farne Islands. It had been broken in two by the waves, and half of it had been washed away. The other half lay yet on the rock, and those of the crew who were still alive were clinging

to it. But the waves were dashing over it, and in a little while it too would be carried to the bottom.

Could any one save the poor, half-drowned men who were there?

On one side of the islands was a light-house; and there, all through that stormy night, Grace Darling had listened to the storm.

Grace was the daughter of the light-house keeper, and she had lived by the sea as long as she could remember.

In the darkness of the night, above the noise of the winds and waves, she heard screams and wild cries. When day-light came, she could see the wreck, a mile away, with the angry waters all around it. She could see the men clinging to the masts.

"We must try to save them!" she cried. "Let us go out in the boat at once!"

"It is of no use, Grace," said her father. "We cannot reach them."

He was an old man, and he knew the force of the mighty waves.

"We cannot stay here and see them die," said Grace. "We must at least try to save them."

Her father could not say, "No."

In a few minutes they were ready. They set off in the heavy lighthouse boat. Grace pulled one oar, and her father the other, and they made straight toward the wreck. But it was hard rowing against such a sea, and it seemed as though they would never reach the place.

At last they were close to the rock, and now they were in greater danger than before. The fierce waves broke against the boat, and it would have been dashed in pieces, had it not been for the strength and skill of the brave girl.

But after many trials, Grace's father climbed upon the wreck, while Grace herself held the boat. Then one by one the worn-out crew were helped on board. It was all that the girl could do to keep the frail boat from being drifted away, or broken upon the sharp edges of the rock.

Then her father clambered back into his place. Strong hands grasped the oars, and by and by all were safe in the lighthouse. There Grace proved to be no less tender as a nurse than she had been brave as a sailor. She cared most kindly for the shipwrecked men until the storm had died away and they were strong enough to go to their own homes.

All this happened a long time ago, but the name of Grace Darling will never be forgotten. She lies buried now in a little churchyard by the sea, not far from her old home. Every year many people go there to see her grave; and there a monument has been placed in honor of the brave girl. It is not a large monument, but it is one that speaks of the noble deed which made Grace Darling famous. It is a figure carved in stone of a woman lying at rest, with a boat's oar held fast in her right hand.—*From Fifty Famous Stories retold by James Baldwin.*

The Housekeeper.

The frugal snail, with forecast of repose,

Carries his house with him where'er he goes;
Peeps out,—and, if there comes a shower of rain,
Retreats to his small domicile amain.
Touch but a tip of him, a horn, 'tis well,—
He curls up in his sanctuary shell.
He's his own landlord, his own tenant; stay
Long as he will, he dreads no Quarter Day.
Himself he boards and lodges; both invites
And feasts himself; sleeps with himself o' nights.
He spares the upholsterer trouble to procure
Chattels; himself is his own furniture,
And his sole riches. Wheresoe'er he roam,
Knock when you will, he's sure to be at home.

—Charles Lamb.

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country to do good is my Kingdom."

Rabboni Ut Videamus.

Open our eyes, O Lord,
Who wander in the night.
One blessing to Thy Church accord—
That it receive its sight.

Show us the world we make—
This world of crime and pain;
Show us the want from which we take
Our fill of cruel gain.

Show us the clear effect
Of every thought and deed;
Make it so easy to detect,
That he that runs may read.

Like us, our fathers groped;
Their eyes were holden too;
While they adored and prayed and hoped,
They lived as tyrants do.

They could not see the slave
Oppressed and scourged and bound;
They could not see the look he gave
For help he never found.

Nor did their eyes behold
The horror of their laws,
Which hanged and burned both young and old
For every trivial cause.

And they who were the first
To point them out their sin,
Were mobbed, imprisoned, hated, cursed,
And killed by kith and kin.

O Lord, vouchsafe Thy grace,
That when again Thou send
A messenger before Thy face,
We greet him as a friend.

And may we with him dare
To choose the eternal right;
But grant us first our fervent prayer—
That we receive our sight!

—Ernest Crosby.

Foreign Notes.

THE INTERNATIONAL COUNCIL AT GENEVA.—Possibly all UNITY readers do not see the *Christian Register*; it may, therefore, not be amiss to reproduce here some of Secretary Wendte's recent announcements concerning the third biennial meeting of the International Council of Unitarians and other liberal religious thinkers and workers, to be held in Geneva, Switzerland, the coming summer.

Arrangements, said Mr. Wendte, continue to be pressed energetically by the local committee and the executive board of the council. The latter consists of Prof. D. H. Oort, Leyden, president; Rev. C. W. Wendte, Boston, general secretary; Prof. Dr. G. Boros, Kolozsvár, Hungary; Rev. W. Copeland Bowie, London; Prof. J. Estlin Carpenter, Oxford; Rev. Dr. S. A. Eliot, Boston; Prof. Dr. B. D. Eerdmans, Leyden;

Pastor P. H. Hugenholtz, Amsterdam; Prof. Dr. E. Montet, Geneva; Prof. Dr. O. Pfeiderer, Berlin; Prof. Dr. Jean Réville, Paris; Pastor G. Schoenholzer, Zürich.

The Geneva committee consists of Prof. E. Montet, D. D., dean of the Theological Faculty of the University of Geneva, who will preside over the congress; Prof. A. Chantre, D. D., of the Theological Faculty; Pastor C. Congnard, vice-president of the Consistory of Genevan Churches; Dr. P. Ladame; Pastor E. Rochat, member of the Consistory; F. Roux-Eggy, 5 Quai de Mont Blanc, who will act as treasurer and receive contributions for the congress; Prof. H. Balavoine, D. D., of the Theological Faculty; G. H. Boveyron, president of the Municipal Council of Geneva; Th. Bret, chancellor; Louis Campart, professor of the Technological School; Theodore Fugé, president of the National German Parish; T. T. Gardiol, president of the Chamber of Commerce, and other professors of the University, members of the Consistory, pastors and leading citizens.

Besides this strong local committee, the coöperation is assured of such influential Swiss liberals as Pastor A. Altherr, of Basel, the new president of the Swiss Union for Free Christianity; Pastors Bruendli, Ragaz and Schmidt, also of Basel; Pastors Marthaler and Ryser and Prof. Marti, of Berne; Pastor Schoenholzer and Prof. Christ, of Zürich; Prof. Cart, of the Theological Faculty at Neuchatel, and others.

There has been some reconsideration of the date of the congress, it being recognized as eminently desirable to arrange it with reference to that of the International Peace Congress, to be held in September at Lucerne, as many delegates will undoubtedly desire to attend both. In a later issue of the *Register*, Mr. Wendte announces that the date has now been fixed for the last week in August, instead of the first week in September, as originally given out. It will be open on Monday evening, August 28, and continue till Thursday evening, August 31, inclusive. He does not tell us the dates for the Peace Congress.

The first day of the Geneva Congress will be given to the arrival and domiciling of delegates. At 8 p. m. the proceedings will begin with a sermon in French, followed at 9:30 by a reception of the delegates from abroad.

On Tuesday, at 10 o'clock, the opening session will be held. The president's address and the report of the general secretary will be followed by brief reports from foreign delegates concerning the state of religious liberalism in their respective countries. These reports will extend into the afternoon session and close with an excursion on the lake of Geneva and a collation on board the vessel.

Wednesday morning the exercises will open with a German sermon. The day's conferences will be devoted to papers and discussions on theoretical questions in religion. In the evening there will be a private reception tendered the members of the congress, which "cannot fail to be a brilliant affair."

Thursday, the closing day's programme will begin with an English sermon by Rev. Minot J. Savage, of New York. The papers and addresses will deal with the practical aspects of religion. In the evening there will be an organ and vocal concert at the cathedral of Saint Pierre, followed by a banquet.

The languages of the congress will be French, English and German. The more important papers and proceedings will be printed in all three languages for distribution among the delegates.

Membership cards, including access to all sessions of the congress, the excursions, concert, banquet, etc., together with a copy of the printed proceedings, to be published soon after the adjournment, may be obtained by any person interested by addressing the treasurer or the general secretary, Rev. C. W. Wendte, 11 Appleton street, Boston, and the payment of 20 francs (\$4). An additional card for ladies accompanying members can be obtained by the payment of ten francs each. Special rates will probably be made at the hotels and pensions. The preliminary circular of the committee will be sent by mail on application to the secretary, as above. Fuller information may be looked for later.

The prospect of a large attendance is said to be good. If I remember rightly, there were something less than half a dozen Americans at the London meeting, but 26 at Amsterdam two years later. There should be a proportional increase at Geneva. The old city on Lake Geneva is a favorite resort with Americans. Those who have been there are always glad to go again, while those who only know its natural beauties and its historical and literary attractions by hearsay could scarcely be introduced to them under more favorable auspices than this congress will afford. I would that UNITY might have a strong and ample representation.

M. E. H.

The following questions, which the deceased were required to answer at the Judgment, are from the Funeral Ritual of Egypt and date back about four thousand years: I have not blasphemed; I have not stolen; I have not smitten men privily; I have not committed adultery; I have not plundered; I have not waylaid any; I have not cheated; I have not put forth my arm in anger; I have not afflicted any; I have not corrupted hearts; I have not been exacting; I have not caused fear; I have not made the laborer do more than his task; I have not robbed the dead; I have not reviled my parent; I have not defiled the river; I have not been idle; I have not lied; I have not played the hypocrite; I have not polluted myself; I have not taken my own life; I have not despised God; I have not been intoxicated; I have not indulged in vain boasting; I have not been scornful; I have not been bad tempered; I have not listened to scandal; I have not multiplied words; I have not been miserly; I have not refused to hear words of truth; I have not committed any grievous sin. The deceased also refer to the good done during their life—Given service to Deity, food to the hungry, drink to the thirsty and clothes to the naked. The old-timers were also correct on the drink question—Buddha forbid the use of intoxicants 700 years before Jesus, and Mohammed also forbid intoxicating beverages.

A Song of Spring.

Loveliest of trees, the cherry now
Is hung with bloom along the bough,
And stands about the woodland ride
Wearing white for Eastertide.

Now, of my threescore years and ten,
Twenty will not come again,
And take from seventy springs a score,
It only leaves me fifty more.

And since to look at things in bloom
Fifty springs are little room,
About the woodlands I will go
To see the cherry hung with snow.

—A. E. Housman, from the April McClure's.

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